

### Homesickness.

If I should leave my home and go away  
To pass a year and day  
Mid other scenes, should I not early find  
That I had left behind  
A portion of my life's felicity  
Which could not follow me?  
And if, when the allotted time had passed,  
I turned my steps at last  
To enter at the old familiar door  
Of kindly home once more,  
Might I not learn that what my heart  
Had sought  
With back-turning thought,  
Was missing still—in home's sequestered spot—  
And I could find it not?  
Might I not vainly wander to and fro,  
Seeking to find it?  
That fond completeness of felicity  
Which could not follow me?  
Ah, yes! And if a longing soul in heaven  
Free pass-  
at might be given  
To come again and tread earth's weary soil  
With feet unused to toll—  
To leave the converse of eternity  
And linger lovingly  
O'er earth's poor haunts, the play-ground of  
those years  
Whose smiles were dimmed with tears,  
So would it find that nothing here below  
Was what it used to know;  
That all the peace which memory had cast  
Around the cherished past,  
All the familiar kindly home delight  
Had vanished from it quite;  
Soon would it spread its wings with sigh of  
pain  
Too thankful to retain  
The power of entering heaven's open door,  
And leaving nevermore.  
Let us not weep, then, though we lose the  
light  
That made this earth so bright—  
Though all the single sunbeams, one by  
one,  
Be gathered to the sun;  
Assured that there, in fulness rich and free,  
They will restore to us,  
And home, the dearest name that we can  
know  
On weary earth below,  
Shall be a mother wholly reconciled.  
To each depending child.  
—[Cornhill Magazine.]

### With the Wagon Train.

Twenty army wagons and their  
drivers—fifty cavalrymen from Troop  
E—a pull of ninety miles across the  
Indian country. Yes, we shall be at-  
tacked by the hostiles. They would  
not let such an opportunity pass.  
They can muster four to one, even if  
we counted in the teamsters. Colonel  
Blank, at the new post to which  
we were bound, had written to Cap-  
tain White, who was in command of  
the train:  
"My wife is to come out with you.  
See that my previous instructions are  
carried out. She knows what they  
are."  
And we had not marched an hour  
when Captain White sent for me and  
said:  
"Corporal, you will act as a special  
guard over the third wagon."  
"Very well, sir."  
"The Colonel's wife is in that  
wagon, as you probably know."  
"Yes, sir."  
"In case the Indians are too strong  
for us they must not find her alive.  
That's all!"  
I rode back to the third wagon and  
placed my horse at the high fore  
wheel, and lifted my cap to the lady,  
who had been provided with a com-  
fortable seat by herself. She was a  
little bit of a woman, not over 25  
years old, and married to the Colonel  
only two years before. She looked at  
me out of her big blue eyes and  
smiled, but she could not steady her  
voice as she leaned forward and in-  
quired:  
"Corporal, do you—do you think we  
shall be attacked?"  
"Quite likely, ma'am, but we may  
squeeze through."  
"And if attacked, and you can't beat  
the Indians off, you—"  
"I have the Captain's orders,  
ma'am!"  
"Yes; very well."  
We both understood. I had been  
specially detailed to kill her if I saw  
that we were to be wiped out! The  
thought of it made me dizzy as I rode  
along. Now and then I glanced up  
at her to find her face white and her  
eyes anxiously searching the horizon.  
I had my orders and was there to  
obey them, but could I do it? If I  
was the last living man in that train,  
could I raise my carbine and become  
her murderer?  
At 2 o'clock on the afternoon of the  
second day out we saw a dozen  
mounted Indians on a ridge to the  
right and closed up the train. To the  
left were a succession of ridges, and  
if there was any force of hostiles  
about they were hidden behind them.  
The Colonel's wife was one of the  
first to discover the Indians at the  
right. She was looking at me as I  
glanced up.  
"We shall be attacked?" she  
queried.  
"Within ten minutes, ma'am."  
"Well, you—you—"  
"Yes, ma'am, but I hope we shall beat  
them off!"  
The Redskins on the right now be-  
gan to ride to and fro and whoop and

yell and seek to draw our attention  
and force the train to halt. Orders  
had been given the day before to keep  
moving in case of attack. In closing  
up the wagons had doubled the line,  
moving two abreast. The horsemen  
fell into their places at once—twenty  
on a side, five in front and five in  
rear. Some of the teamsters had car-  
bines, while all had revolvers. Half  
a mile beyond where we had seen the  
first Indian the attack was made, and  
it was a bloody one. As we came op-  
posite a valley running back into the  
ridges a hundred or more mounted  
Indians came charging down on us.  
The valley was just about as wide as  
the train was long, and therefore the  
twenty of us on that side had a chance  
at the reds as they came on in a mob,  
shooting, shouting, and seemingly de-  
termined to ride over us.

"Corporal!"  
It was the voice of the Colonel's  
wife, just as we were preparing to  
fire.  
"Yes, ma'am, I remember," I replied as  
I lowered my carbine to look up at  
her.  
We poared the fire of our carbines  
into the charging mass and checked  
its rush. The Indians then passed to  
our front and rear so as to assail us  
on all sides. There were fully 300 of  
them and had the train halted but for  
a minute they would have had us  
wiped out. A part of them had been  
ordered to fire only at the mules at-  
tached to the wagons. As they were  
kept moving only three or four were  
struck and none disabled.

"Corporal!"  
There was fighting on front and  
rear and both sides, and the bullets  
were flying about us in a spiteful  
way. Five had passed though the  
cover of the wagon beside me.

"It was the Colonel's wife calling  
to me. I looked up into her white  
face and she gasped:

"Corporal, are you going to—  
to—"  
"Not yet—we are holding our  
own!" I replied, as I turned to open  
fire again.

We were gradually getting out of  
the trap. Further on the ground was  
open and to our advantage. The In-  
dian always does his best fighting at  
the start. Here and there we had a  
man wounded, but there was no con-  
fusion—no halting. Whenever they  
gathered as if to charge we opened  
fire on the spot and scattered them.  
Our fire was rapid and well-sustained,  
and at the end of a quarter of an hour  
we had them beaten. We were just  
drawing clear of the edge of the ridge  
when a bullet struck the third wagon  
teamster in the shoulder, and he fell  
forward on his saddle. It happened  
right under the eyes of the Colonel's  
wife, and she called to me:  
"Corporal, obey your orders!"  
She had her hands over her face so  
that she might not see me as I raised  
my gun. The next few seconds must  
have been terrible.

"Beg pardon, ma'am, but the reds  
are drawing off and the victory is  
ours."

She dropped her hands and stared  
at me for a minute as if she could not  
comprehend. Then she fell back in a  
dead faint, and it was a long half  
hour before her big blue eyes opened  
to the sunshine again. A week later at  
the new post, Colonel Blank called me  
in and asked:

"Corporal weren't you ordered to  
shoot Mrs. Blank?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Then why didn't you do it?" he  
sternly demanded.

"I—I was going to, but—"  
"But what, sir?" It was gross dis-  
obedience of orders, and you are no  
longer a corporal.

But that was the old martinet's way  
of promoting me to a serjeantcy.  
—[New York Sun.]

### Doctor and Dentist.

All diseases which profoundly affect  
the nutrition influence the develop-  
ment of the teeth; and since the  
growth of the teeth is mainly limited  
to the age of childhood, their condi-  
tion is especially influenced by child-  
ren's diseases.

Faulty nutrition or severe wasting  
illness show themselves nowhere more  
prominently than in the development  
of the bones and teeth; and on the  
other hand good teeth in children play  
a very important part in producing a  
healthy and robust manhood or  
womanhood. Decaying and loosened  
teeth directly favor imperfect mastication  
and consequent indigestion.

Indigestion favors poor nutrition;  
it causes the secretions of the mouth  
to become acid in reaction—a perva-  
sion of the normal reaction of the  
saliva, which attacks the teeth and  
favors their rapid decay.

A case of this kind has lately been  
observed. A child, naturally good-  
natured but "spoiled" by indulgent

parents, was allowed to eat fresh  
cakes, expensive candies, jams, pas-  
tries. Attacks of indigestion, with  
vomiting of the acid contents of the  
stomach, supervened. The teeth  
softened, "became poor" at an early  
age.

In order to assure such a child a  
healthful bodily development and pro-  
tect it from the evils of subsequent  
attacks of indigestion, there must be  
something more than a correction of  
its diet. The teeth should be filled.  
This guards against disease of the al-  
veolar process, or the bony portion  
of the jaw into which the roots of the  
teeth are inserted, against an unsym-  
metrical growth of the jaw itself, and  
against an involvement of the second  
tooth, just developing beneath the  
first.

A regular supervision of children's  
teeth would save large dentist's bills,  
and would undoubtedly tend to a  
healthier, stronger race of mankind.  
From the time of the first appearance  
of the teeth through the gums, they  
should be subjected to a rubbing twice  
a day with a soft rag and lime water,  
until the twelfth month of infancy,  
when a soft brush should be substituted.

Frequent visits to the dentist are an  
absolute necessity.

Children who are allowed to eat  
warm bread, rich pastries, cakes and  
candies, are almost invariably subject  
to habitual attacks of indigestion.  
The far-reaching effects of such at-  
tacks can be avoided by the prohibi-  
tion of such food. Meat, not too  
tender, and crusts of bread are ex-  
cellent objects upon which a child's  
teeth may be exercised and strength-  
ened.—[Youth's Companion.]

### Trying it Single Handed.

A gentleman who served with dis-  
tinction in the Civil war, but who  
wishes not to be named here, related  
yesterday the following incident of  
one of the early battles of that war:

"The Federal and Confederate  
forces were drawn up in the woods on  
either side of a considerable clearing,  
where the battle was likely soon to  
take place. The Federal commander  
and his staff, seated upon their horses,  
were consulting near the right of the  
line. Colonel Neal Dow was standing  
in front of his regiment, a very small  
man with a tremendously big hat on  
his head and a monstrous sword  
dangling to the ground at his side, a  
picture such as one might expect to  
see in a comic paper.

"An aide approached Colonel Dow,  
saying that the commander wished  
to speak to him. Colonel Dow  
strode down the line, the soldiers  
laughing at the sight.

"Colonel Dow," said the com-  
mander, 'you will march out into that  
opening and take a position on that  
knoll yonder. You will there await  
further orders.'

"In sight of the entire right wing of  
the army, Colonel Dow went marching  
into the opening, his long, heavy  
sword clanking on the ground behind  
him, his big hat dragged down over  
his head, until he looked as if he might  
have been drawn by Cruikshank.

"The commander heard the shout of  
laughter that went up from the ranks,  
and looked for the cause.

"Who is that walking out there?"  
he asked.

"Somebody told him it was Colonel  
Dow. An aide was sent to bring him  
back."

"Colonel Dow," said the com-  
mander, 'why did you go out there  
alone? Why did you not take your  
regiment with you?'

"Dear me, General," said the  
Colonel, 'I beg a thousand pardons. I  
didn't know you meant for me to take  
anybody with me. You didn't say,  
you know.'

"And that is how it happened," said  
he who related this story. "that  
Colonel Dow was prevented from  
putting down the war without aid."—  
[New York Herald.]

### The Colonel's Rejoinder.

Col. Stone of Tennessee once told a  
pretty good thing of a delegate from  
one of the rural counties to the state  
convention, whom he met there for  
the first time. The colonel said:

"I am glad to meet you. I have  
known your father for many years,  
but never had the pleasure of your  
acquaintance. I see, however, that  
the son is better looking than the  
father."

"Look here, Colonel," said the dele-  
gate, "you need not be flattering me  
up, for I am out and out for Barksdale  
for governor, although the old man is  
for you."

"Why, I simply find you better  
looking than your father, but I did not  
say you had half as much sense as he  
has," returned the colonel.

Those standing around roared, with  
laughter, in which the delegate good-  
naturedly joined.—[Chicago Journal.]

### LIGHTNING.

#### Odd Behavior of Electric Dis- charges from Above.

#### Singular Effects on Animate and Inanimate Objects.

Modern scientists have decreed that  
lightning is of three kinds. The first  
comprehends that in which the dis-  
charge manifests itself in a long,  
luminous line bent into angles and  
zig-zag. This kind is known as  
forked lightning. The second differs  
from the first in the range of surface  
over which the flash is diffused and is  
called sheet lightning, and the third  
class has been made the subject of  
wide discussion and contention. It  
never assumes the form of long lines  
nor of sheets of flame, but appears as  
balls or lumps of fire. They are not  
momentary apparitions, but last sev-  
eral seconds and burst with a bright  
flare and a loud report, and occasion-  
ally discharge flashes of lightning. A  
schoolmaster in Ohio whose school  
was struck during a recent storm de-  
clared that he saw a ball of fire strike  
and roll down the flagstaff of the  
schoolhouse, and the ball caused a  
panic among the scholars.

A singular story comes from Paris.  
A tailor who lived on the Rue St.  
Jacques was eating his dinner one day  
during a thunder storm when he  
heard a loud clap and saw the chimney  
board fall out and a globe of fire as  
big as a man had come quietly out and  
moved about the room a few feet  
above the floor. After moving slowly  
about the ball went back into the  
chimney, and a moment later there  
was a loud explosion which complet-  
ely shattered the chimney.

A great many years ago the south-  
west pinnacle of an old church in  
Broog, in Cornwall, was demolished  
by a stroke of lightning and one  
stone, weighing three hundred  
pounds, was hurled upward and in a  
southerly direction a distance of one  
hundred yards, and a second was sent  
in a northerly direction 100 yards, and  
a third 100 yards to the east.

In 1875 the topmast of the fishing  
schooner William and Mary of Massa-  
chusetts was hit by a flash and cut  
into chips and since that time three  
coasting schooners have had the same  
experience. A British ship while  
crossing the North Pacific ocean from  
China was struck by a ball of globu-  
lar lightning, which left such a sul-  
phurous odor behind it that the crew  
were obliged to take to the rigging in  
order to avoid suffocation. This odor  
after an explosion occurred recently  
in Cuba when a large company of  
laborers on a tobacco plantation were  
obliged to take to the woods in order  
to avoid it.

The magnetic effects produced by  
lightning are often very singular in-  
deed. A chest containing a large as-  
sortment of knives and cutlery was re-  
cently struck in a carpenter's shop in  
Chicago, and all the articles were at  
once magnetized. A shoemaker in  
Swabia had his tools treated in the  
same way, to his great annoyance, as  
he had to be constantly freeing his  
hammer from his awls and nails which  
were always getting caught as they  
lay together on his bench. And some  
years ago a Genoese ship was wrecked  
near Algiers in consequence of the  
lightning having played pranks with  
the compass, and the captain suppos-  
ing he was sailing to the north instead  
of to the south.

Another class of effects caused by  
lightning are cures. Gouty men have  
been enabled to walk freely, epileptic  
persons have been healed and rheuma-  
tism cured by a flash. On the other  
hand, the effects of magnetic lightning  
are harmless. Three hundred per-  
sons were once struck in Charleston  
prison and completely robbed of their  
muscular strength.

There is still another phenomena  
produced by lightning and this is the  
lightning prints. Mr. Poly, who has  
treated the subject of lightning prints  
very fully in the pages of the French  
scientific journals, mentions twenty-  
four cases of the impression on the  
bodies of men and animals. Of these  
eight are of trees or parts of trees,  
one of a bird and one of a cow, two  
of horseshoes, one of a nail, one of a  
metal comb, four of crosses. Crosses  
in this connection are very old, for  
it was declared in the year 360 A. D.  
they were printed on the bodies and  
clothing of the workmen who were  
employed in rebuilding the Temple of  
Jerusalem.

A horseshoe was found indelibly  
marked on the neck of a young man  
in Cuba who was struck dead by  
lightning near a house upon the walls  
of which a horseshoe was nailed.

In 1853 a little girl was standing at

a window near which stood a young  
maple tree. A flash of lightning  
struck either the girl or tree, or both,  
and the image of the tree was found  
printed on her body. In another case  
a boy was climbing a tree to steal a  
bird's nest, when he was struck by  
lightning and the tree with the bird  
and the nest appeared upon his back.

#### A Dead Man's Face.

About half an hour before the train  
reached Baker City I happened to look  
up from my book and noticed the  
man on the seat ahead of me, which  
was turned so that he was riding back-  
ward. His face was pale, his teeth  
clenched, and he had both hands  
pressed on his heart. I ran for some  
water, but before I returned he had  
fallen over. I helped him up, gave  
him water, and then whiskey, and  
presently he asked:

"Are we near Baker City?"

"Yes; within a few miles."

"Please raise the window."

"What's the trouble?" I asked.

"Something about the heart. Please  
feel in my hip pocket. Do you find a  
revolver there?"

"Yes."

"Pull it out and see if it is all  
right."

"There are six cartridges here, and  
the weapon seems to be in perfect  
order."

"Thanks. Turn me to the window  
—so. Now give me the gun."

"But you can't hold it."

"I've got to. That's the whistle for  
Baker, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Then you'd better move back a  
seat or two. A thousand thanks for  
all your trouble."

I moved back, having a dim suspi-  
cion of trouble ahead, but not seeing  
how I could interfere. As the train  
ran slowly into the depot he pulled  
back the hammer and braced himself.

As it stopped he made a move of his  
wrist and hand, uttered a groan, and  
just then there were loud cries on the  
platform. All of us ran out of the  
car. A man was being held by two  
others, while a third had taken his pis-  
tol and was saying:

"That's all right, Tom, but it's no  
use to shoot a dead man!"

I looked up at the car window.

There sat my fellow-traveller, eyes  
closed, jaw down, and the mark of  
death so plain on his face that all  
could read it. His finger was on the  
trigger of his pistol, and the barrel of  
the weapon rested on the window sill.  
Death had come to him while his  
finger pulled at the trigger to send some  
one else into eternity.—[New York  
Sun.]

#### Woman.

"What is woman for?" So asked  
Dr. L. F. Bryson at the annual meet-  
ing of the American Social Science  
Association at Saratoga on August 30,  
1892.

She is for soul, for thought, for  
love, for bewitchment, for romance,  
for beauty, and for man. She is for  
this world and for other worlds. She  
is for all time and after time. She is  
for memory and for hope. She is for  
dreams beautiful. She is for poetry  
and art. She is for the fulfillment of  
the human imagination. She is for  
the household and her mate. She is  
for everything that is worth anything.  
She is for life. She is for faith. She  
is for earth and heaven. She is for  
summer and for winter. She is for  
the glory of the world, which would  
be intolerable without her. She is for  
all delicacy and daintiness. She is for  
youth, for middle age, for old age.  
She is for the merry-hearted and for  
the weary-footed. She is for light.  
She is the crown of creation, the con-  
summate masterpiece of nature. It  
was Robert Burns who, in an hour of  
ecstasy, sang:

"An'd Nature swears, the lovely dears,  
Her noblest work she classes, O;  
Her prettiest han' she tried on man,  
And then she made the lassies, O!"

"What is woman for?" cries Dr.  
Bryson, while standing up before the  
American Social Science Association.  
The is not for analysis by the chemi-  
cal methods of the members of that  
body. She is not for the monocular  
inspection of a lot of delegates assem-  
bled in convention. She is not for  
the gratification of social curiosity.  
She is not for science alone. Oh, no,  
not she is for those only who sur-  
render their souls wholly to her magic,  
and throw themselves unreservedly at  
her feet.—[New York Sun.]

#### The Reason of It.

Gay—I see they've been having a  
celebration in the town in which you  
live. What was the occasion?

Grimm—I don't know. I do not  
live there now. I moved away a week  
ago.

Gay—Oh! I understand. They had  
the celebration six days ago.—[New  
York Press.]

### PEARLS OF THOUGHT

Small sins cause great sorrows.  
There is no river of life in the land  
of death.  
It doesn't take any ability at all to  
be a growler.  
Success anywhere requires single-  
ness of purpose.  
The moment you kill faith you  
break all the banks.  
People who carry sunshine with  
them are always welcome.  
A doubt is the heaviest thing you  
can pick up and try to carry.  
Trouble always runs to meet the  
man who goes out to hunt it.  
One of the easiest things to believe  
is a pleasing lie about ourselves.  
Confession of sin is impossible until  
there is a willingness to forsake it.

The woman who never takes any  
interest in the fashionable needs medi-  
cine.

No man prays in earnest who does  
not work with just as much earnest-  
ness.

The way to qualify yourself to do  
great things is to be faithful in little  
ones.

The man who leads other people is  
the one who is not afraid to walk  
alone himself.

If you have never been in adversity  
you have never found out who your  
real friends are.

The best thing to do when we can  
not see in any other direction is to  
look straight up.

The man who thinks that maybe he  
will run when he gets into battle will  
be pretty apt to do it.

There isn't a sin on earth but what  
breathes freer when it can get an ap-  
parently good man to endorse it.

Every time the soldier handles his  
musket in drill it has something to do  
with the way he will handle it in bat-  
tle.

A dog disguised in a lamb skin may  
look like a sheep, but he will tell you  
what he is the minute he gets sight of  
a bone.—[Indianapolis (Ind.) Ram's  
Horn.]

#### The Difference.

Some eighteen years ago there lived  
in a thriving little city in central  
Pennsylvania a prominent lawyer,  
with a beautiful young daughter.  
This girl had many admirers, but the  
most favored one was a young bank  
clerk, a bright, intelligent young man,  
in every way worthy of the maiden  
love of this beautiful girl. His woo-  
ings prospered, and in course of time  
they plighted troth and the wedding  
day was fixed. But before the happy  
day arrived a misunderstanding arose  
between the lovers, but it proved more  
serious than a "lovers' quarrel," and  
both being very proud and neither be-  
ing willing to concede to the other,  
they drifted further and further apart,  
until at last all hope of a reconciliation  
was past.

With the loss of her lover the young  
girl lost all hope of happiness in this  
life, and in a moment of despair she  
took the veil and has since devoted  
her life to the service of God and suf-  
fering humanity. She is nursing the  
sick in a Washington hospital.

Not so with the young man. He  
soon consoled himself for the loss of  
one sweetheart with the love of an-  
other, and has for years been the head  
of a happy family. He entered public  
life and rose rapidly from one posi-  
tion to another until he was chosen to  
represent his people in the congress of  
the United States, and now occupies  
a seat in the south wing of the mag-  
nificent structure on Capitol Hill.  
—[New York World.]

#### A Fine Legal Point.

The tramp was before the examining  
court for stealing a horse.

"Guilty or not guilty?" asked the  
court.

"Not guilty, Yer Honor," was the  
prompt response.

"Weren't you caught riding the  
horse?"

"Yes, Yer Honor."

"Did you buy him?"

"No, Yer Honor."

"Or borrow him?"

"No, Yer Honor."

"Then you must have stolen him."

"I didn't, Yer Honor."

"What do you call it, then?"

"I don't know, Yer Honor," and the  
prisoner was puzzled. "It's this way:  
I was going along the road and the  
horse was going the same way, an' I  
just got on him an' rid him. Now,  
if I had got on him an' rid him 'other  
way you might call that stealin'; but  
I didn't. Now, what do you call it,  
Yer Honor?"

The Court took it under advisement.—[Detroit Free Press.]